

The Sketch

No. 1301 — Vol. CI.

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NINEPENCE.



WORKING NEW SPELLS AT DRURY LANE: MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AS ALADDIN,
WITH THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.



Yet Another Kaiser Interview.

Interviews with the Kaiser being the journalistic fashion of the moment, I may as well print the following conversation, which took place as far back as 1903 between the Emperor of Germany and Mr. Spitzbergen Pip, the famous correspondent of the *Fandango Gazette*. The interview was suppressed at the time, Mr. Pip receiving the huge sum of £1,000,000 by way of solatium. There being a war on, however, the full details may as well be revealed.

"The well-known monarch," writes Mr. Spitzbergen Pip, "received me in the Imperial bath-suite. He apologised for the unconventional setting for our interview, explaining that the bath-suite was the only place in the Royal Palace where he could escape his Ministers.

"And now, Mr. Pip," he began affably, "what can I tell you for your powerful and distinguished journal?"

"In the first place," I replied, "would it please your Imperial Majesty to express an opinion on Fandangoland?"

"Certainly," was the instant reply. The Emperor paused for a moment, tugged at his moustache, and glued one eye to the ceiling. "Fandangoland," he said at last, "is going to be the greatest country in the world after Germany. You are a marvellous race! It is true that there are not many of you, and that you have no Army, no Navy, no ports, and no money. All that I have taken into careful consideration. But you have your *Fandango Gazette*, which I read from beginning to end every morning before rising. That is your most priceless possession. Armed with such an organ, and with me at your back, you will go through the world like this!" Here his Imperial Majesty leapt into the bath, sat down, and glared at me over the top.

"I shall convey to my editor, Sire, your gracious remarks. In the meantime, could you give me the exact date of the outbreak of war in Europe? My wife would, I think, like to make some preparations."

"Tell Mrs. Pip," said the Emperor, "with my compliments, to begin hoarding food about ten years from now. I cannot give you the precise date, but my Navy is coming along nicely, and the English may as well decay a little more before I fell them to the earth. I shall do it with one blow—thus!" Here the Emperor disappeared completely beneath the water, remaining immersed for several seconds,

BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"Talking of England," he continued, suddenly reappearing and lodging his chin on the edge of the bath, "do you know that I can take possession of those islands whenever I choose?"

"You surprise me, Sire."

"Yes, I daresay I do; but it's a fact, none the less. I have my agents everywhere—Leamington, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Torquay—all over. They have the whole scheme cut and dried. Nine-tenths of the people will welcome me with open arms. The remaining tenth will eat poisoned loaves on the morning to be appointed, and will expire in anguish. It will be a very splendid but a bloodless affair."



A CANADIAN GIRL AS PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE IN THE BRIXTON PANTOMIME: MISS SUZANNE SICKEEMORE.—[Photograph by Ethel Cave.]

"And will you really stay your hand, Sire, for ten years?"

"Yes, I think so. (Now I've lost the soap.) You see, the scheme embraces other countries—countries of far greater importance, financially and geographically, than England. England is nothing. She's not worth twopence. I may tell you that my agents have bored holes in the hulls of all her battle-ships, the plugs to be removed when I give the signal. That settles England. France is even more completely under my thumb. I shall just drive through France in my car as a sign that she is a vassal State. There will be no fighting."

"And America, Sire?"

The Emperor laughed heartily, and contemplated his toes above the water with the greatest equanimity.

"America is a mere matter of dollars. My friend Roosevelt has named his price for the whole bag of tricks. I say it's too much. He holds on for the full figure. In the end, of course, he'll have to give way, and then I shall complete the purchase. I can use America in several ways. She will probably become my most important colony."

"And what about Japan, Sire?"

"Japan? Japan? Oh, yes, I know—that funny little place near San Francisco! I went there once, you know, and found it very amusing. I never speak of Japan without laughing. They take themselves so very seriously, those queer little brown chaps. I rather think of turning Japan into a sort of almshouse for my old soldiers and sailors. They might like the climate and so forth."

"Just one final word, Sire, with reference to your Zeppelins," I begged.

The face of the Emperor was at once illuminated with the keenest delight.

"My Zeppelins!" he breathed ecstatically. "My beautiful Zeppelins! They, and they alone, will decide the future of the world. They are invincible, irresistible, infallible! They rise like lightning, swim through the air like electric whales, and belch forth flaming death like volcanoes! With one Zeppelin, or two at the most, I could destroy London in half-an-hour! Nothing will be able to withstand them! There is no method by which they can be checked! The owner of such a weapon is no longer a mere mortal! He is—he is——!"

"Yes, Sire?" I breathed, trembling in every limb.

"He is——!"

"But I never heard what he was, for at that precise instant the Kaiser slipped beneath the soapy water, a large quantity of which he must have swallowed."



"THE HAPPY FAMILY," AT THE STRAND: MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS A LADY GARDENER.

Miss Dorothy Minto, the pretty and piquant actress who has, in her comparatively short career, played many parts, is appearing in Mr. Cecil Aldin's animal play, "The Happy Family," at the Strand, as a lady gardener with the romantic and Tennysonian name of Melisande. She is seen in our picture with her friends "Quackles" and the "Baby Pig."—[Photograph by C.N.]

"SERVICE"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS."



The Smiling Princess.

Let us hope that Princess Patricia will derive fresh strength and vigour from her stay at Bagshot Park. Few people work so hard as the Princess, without whom, it would seem, no bazaar can be opened, no crèche started, no charity matinée successful. The last pre-Christmas month must have been particularly fatiguing in this

respect. Hardly a day passed in which Princess Patricia, smiling sweetly and very quietly dressed in black, with her favourite bunch of dark violets at the waist, did not grace one or several social functions in some charitable cause or other. It requires a great deal of endurance and unselfishness to do this as a daily duty.

A Cold Compensation.

Paris is a-shivering; as I write this, skating is being enjoyed on the Grand Canal of the Park of Versailles. Some consider it as a compensation for the scarcity of black diamonds (coal), and the rarer-than-champagne essence; while to talk of gas is just—hot air!

Another Bond Street Attraction.

been formed at the Old Bond Street Galleries, under the title of The Quality Kinema Club, for the purpose of developing and presenting the higher artistic possibilities of the kinema film. The Club will be open to members and their friends, and the terms of subscription may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary. It is intended to have the Kinema open every afternoon and evening, and to change the programme weekly.

Royal Hospitality.

The Royal Automobile Club has been distinguishing itself more than ever by its original entertainments during the last month. On the afternoon of the 14th, it lent its beautiful premises for the "Lucky Dip" Concert, which was given in aid of the League of Mercy for the support of hospitals and wounded, under the presidency of Dora, Countess of Chesterfield, who has so fittingly been rewarded lately by receiving a bar to the Order of Mercy. Miss Teddie Gerard, Walter Hyde, Miss Rosina Buckman, Nellie Sergeant, Lauri de Frece, Fraser Gange, Alfred Heather, Georges de Warfaaz, helped to the success of the day. Miss Pax Robertson and Gonaske Komai, as a young Japanese Prince, appeared in a Japanese playlet entitled "Kodzue."

Some Luncheon Party. On the 25th another reception on a huge scale was held at the Automobile Club, at which Princess Marie Louise was present, and where 305 Overseas officers were, with permission of the doctors, entertained

at lunch by many distinguished hostesses, among whom were Lady Egerton, Lady Hilda Murray, Lady Tweeddale, Evelyn Lady Alington, Jeanne Lady Coats, Mrs. Charles Bruce, and Mrs. Richardson. After lunch the Marquess of Salisbury transmitted a kind message from the Duke

of Connaught, who, owing to a severe chill, could not be present. Many varied amusements followed the luncheon, and each guest went away with a souvenir, plucked from a real Christmas tree, and distributed by Princess Marie Louise. Colonel Sir William Watts must be congratulated on his excellent management of the party.

A Reading on Raids.

Another jolly Christmas party was the dinner the Poets' Club gave on the 17th, at the Regent's Room of the Café Monico, with Mr. Hannen Swaffer, Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, as President. The guest of honour was Captain Eliot Crawshay-Williams, R.H.A., who made a little speech full of sense and sentiment on poetry as a help to the peace of the future. It is for the poet, said he, in other terms, to fight the common enemy of all humanity and all ages—the worst instincts of man, cruelty, envy, and all uncharitableness. Truly a real Christmas speech. Mr. Henry Simpson recited a very realistic air-raid poem of his; so realistic was it that, when the lift door closed outside, I jumped and thought—"when babbling of bombs!"

Another jolly Christmas party was the dinner the Poets' Club gave on



A NEW PEERESS:
LADY JELLCOE.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

On Jan. 9 and 10, Oxford will be enlivened by

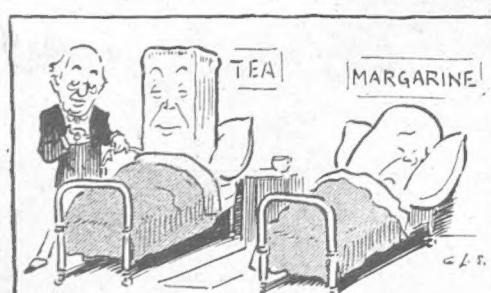
a performance, at the Sheldonian Theatre, of "Glorious England," by Berenice de Bergerac. Students from the different colleges will take part in the play, and many distinguished visitors are expected.

In Aid of the Boat Fund.

A few hours before the raid of Dec. 18, I

attended the Christmas entertainment and supper of the Stepney War Club, in the Parish House of St. Benet's, and at the Club-house in Harford Street, near the People's Palace. It was a merry party, presided over by Lady Edmund Talbot, Chairman, and other members of the Ladies' Imperial Club, who, two years ago, formed this association for the wives of soldiers and sailors. In the audience were Mrs. Linden, Mrs. James Fraser Piggott, Mrs. Gollin, Mrs. Macleod Smith, Mrs. Marriott, Mrs. Craufurd, Mrs. Anthony Hordern, Miss Darbey, Miss Benson, the Rev. J. C. Cryers, Vicar of St. Benet's, and Mrs. Cryers. Sleight-of-hand tricks, music, and a duologue were enthusiastically received by the mothers and wives, many with babes in their arms, and

then there was an eager rush across the street for the tempting suppers at the Club. Before leaving for her clinic near by, Lady Edmund Talbot told me that the chief desire of the Committee is to preserve the lives of the children. To this end, they employ a doctor and a trained nurse. A "Mothers' Welcome" is held once a fortnight in connection with the Club, and classes under the L.C.C. have been formed for cutting-out and sewing. Many of the women have received certificates in Lady Jellicoe's competitions for War Clubs. Visitors may see the Club any afternoon except Saturday and Sunday, from two until six o'clock, when the women assemble to sew. Gifts of clothing are always acceptable, Miss Benson, the Hon. Secretary, tells me, either new or partly worn, for women and children, boys' clothes being especially desired.



"Mr. Lloyd George . . . said the tea position was improving steadily, and they hoped very shortly to improve that regarding margarine."—*Daily Paper.*

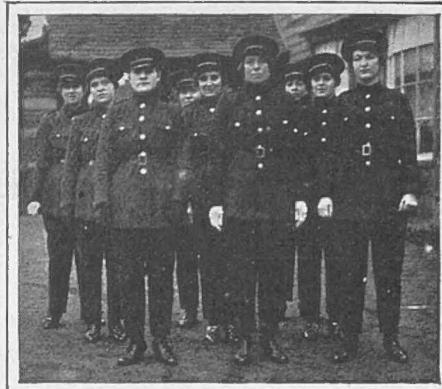


GROWLS FROM THE GROWLER.

"No more wood or granite can be had for repairing the London streets."—*Daily Paper.*

"Play-Acting" In a cold, pea-green fog, I groped

my way at noon on a recent Thursday to hear Mr. H. B. Irving speak in the City Temple on "Religion and the Drama." Through the uncanny gloom of the church one could barely see his ascetic, Dantesque profile. In a serious address, with flashes of wit, he urged his Nonconformist audience to help break down the prejudice against the theatre which recently prevented £12,000 due to the production of Brieux's "Damaged Goods" from benefiting a society for the prevention of the social disease. The theatre originated in the church, he said, and the mother has never forgiven the drama for leaving it. Catholics permitted plays to be performed on Sunday, but refused actors Christian burial. He referred humorously to John Wesley's denunciation of the theatre



"THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING"—NEW STYLE: A WOMEN'S FIRE BRIGADE AS GUARD OF HONOUR AT A COMRADE'S MARRIAGE AT HAYES.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



"Rationing will not make things pleasanter, as some people suppose."—*The Times*.

makes him quite *sui generis*, when he referred to the official recognition of the benefits of the Navy and Army Canteen Theatres in a written appreciation by Colonel Powell. Very near to his heart, too, is the desire for the State to contribute to the theatre, as in France and other Continental countries, and for Sunday performances—at least of Shakespeare's plays. Prayers in the morning, plays in the afternoon, according to the French custom, is his ideal. Who knows but that after the war his hopes will be realised?

Our Overseas Sisters.

Through the graciousness of the Duchess of Norfolk, Norfolk House, her beautiful town residence at 31, St. James's Square, has been lent as headquarters for the new Royal Club for Ladies from Beyond the Seas. On Thursday afternoon, Dec. 20, it was formally opened by the Princess Louise in a graceful speech of welcome. Her Royal Highness, in a dark tailored costume and furs, strikingly resembled the late King Edward. Following this speech were others by Lord Leitrim and Mr. Alfred Bird, M.P., representing the Colonial Office, and introduced by Sir Ernest Hatch. Others present were the Premier of Australia and

Mrs. Fisher, the Agent-General of Australia and Mrs. Young, Sir Peter McBride (Agent-General of Victoria) and Lady McBride, Sir Thomas Mackenzie (High Commissioner of New Zealand), Lady Mackenzie, and Miss Mackenzie, Lady Perley and Lady Drummond (of Canada), Mrs. Page (wife of the American Ambassador), Lady Carmichael, Mrs. Cuninghame of Craigends, Mrs. Charles Bruce, the Hon. Sir Charles Fitzwilliam, Colonel Sir Charles Allen, Lord Blyth, Colonel Sir William Watts, Lady Jersey, Cora Lady Strafford, Lady Sackville, the Hon. Major Murrough O'Brien, Lady Mills, Lady Islington, and Mrs. Schreiner, Lady Northcote, for England; Mrs. Page, the Hon. Lady Ward,



SWELLING HEAD!

"Last week onions fetched tenpence a pound."—*Daily Paper*.

of South Africa. The large committee of ladies include, among others, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Carson, Lady Carmichael, the Countess of Derby, the Marchioness of Winchester, and Lady Northcote, for England; Mrs. Page, the Hon. Lady Ward,

and Mrs. Leeds, for America; Lady Perley and the Hon. Mrs. Redmond, for Canada; Mrs. Fisher and Miss Buckley, for Australia; Mrs. Schreiner and Lady Owen Philipps, for South Africa; the Countess of Hardwicke and Miss MacKenzie, for New Zealand; and Lady Morris and Miss Fox, for Newfoundland. The Chairman is Sir Ernest Hatch; the Honorary Treasurer, Lord Blyth, as of the Royal Club for Officers from Beyond the Seas, with which this club is affiliated; Mr. Hartley Aspden is the Honorary Organiser; and the soldest thing in England is the Banker. (I have heard, by the way, that some Americans drive directly from the boat-train to the Bank on their first visit to England—just to see what that far-famed institution looks like!) The beautiful white-and-gold ballroom of Norfolk House, with brocaded red-silk curtains and open fire in a carved white marble fireplace, was the setting for the ceremony of presentation. Here concerts will be given weekly. The long drawing-room, hung with rare paintings on brocaded red satin walls, is now a reading and writing room, made cheerful by two open fires, and overlooking St.

James's Square. A smaller drawing-room in white-and-gold is a silence room—is this a tribute to women, or a challenge? The library on the ground floor, in grave mahogany, is a smoke-room; and other spacious, high-ceiled rooms, hung with yellow satin damask, will serve as meeting-places for the wives and other relatives of Overseas officers and for Overseas women doing war work; 1400 members are already enrolled, and 500 are on the waiting list. Small wonder, with no entrance or subscription fees! Such munificent hospitality will be warmly appreciated by Overseas women, who in all cases come from lands where open-handedness is taken as a matter of course.

Still Open.

Been again to the Serbo-Croat Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, which will remain open until Jan. 9. Every day at three a most interesting lecture is given, and no extra charge is made.



"The general trade experience is that the consumption of bread goes down appreciably during Christmas week."—*Daily Paper*.



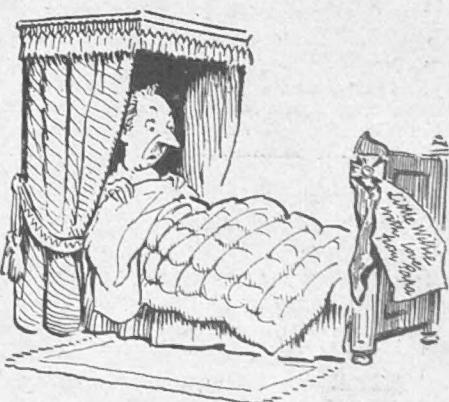
WOMEN AS WIRELESS OPERATORS: ADJUSTING MARCONI INSTRUMENTS AT A TRAINING CENTRE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

shared their rations with them. Wood (the only fuel of the country) had often to be stolen, and sometimes was unprocureable. Water came often only from melted snow—yet the snapshots she showed of the two youthful laundry-maids, as well as every other picture, depicted smiling faces. The girls, with short hair, looked splendid in their breeches. Many of them have received Serbian decorations for going right back all alone almost into the advancing German lines to fill up petrol-tins. Dr. Seton Watson showed in a few words how the small Balkan States sigh for freedom.

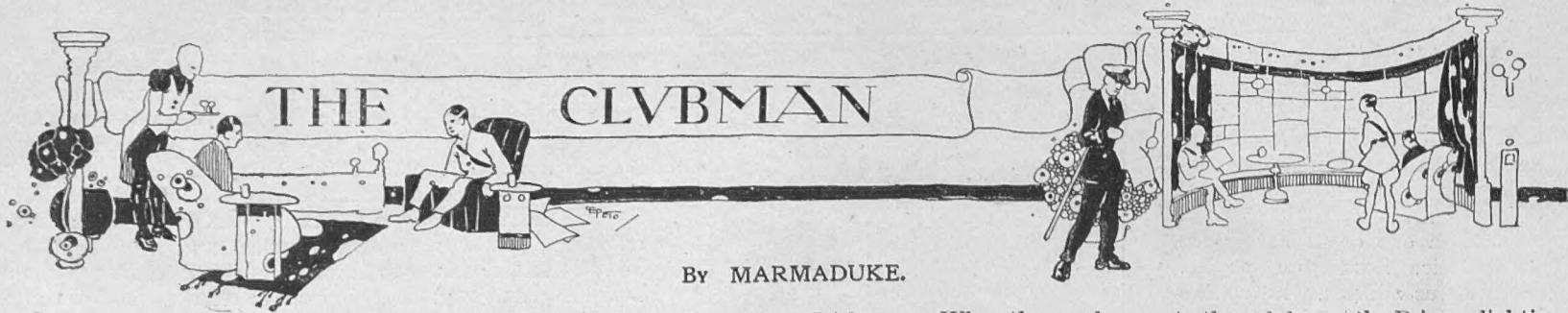
The de Trafford-Burghersh Engagement.

Since the *Sketch* Supplement of this Issue went to press, it has been announced that the arrangements for the marriage of Miss de Trafford to Lord Burghersh, eldest son of the Earl of Westmorland, which was to be celebrated on Jan. 7, have been cancelled.



CHRISTMAS AT POTSDAM: LITTLE WILLIE'S STOCKING.

"Even Imperial gifts to the household are to be of war simplicity!"—*Daily Paper*.



BY MARMADUKE.

IN these days of the "Pig-tail" rampant and "Parental authority" couchant, it will be a relief to many to turn for the moment to the past—to a matter altogether unconnected with annoyances of the present. There was sold a week or two ago, at the sale of the Morrison Collection of Manuscripts, a letter written by Charles I. to the Marquess of Ormond, addressed and dated "Cardiff, July 31, 1645," which fetched £160. It appears to be generally unknown that the letter was sold at public auction in January 1828, then fetching £7 10s., and that the text of it was published in full on the occasion in the *Times* of Jan. 24, 1828.

The circumstance is mainly mentioned, however, to introduce a "discovery" relating to the arrest in Paris of the "Young Pretender," which—should the following document never have been published before—is of exceptional importance; is it the letter referred to by the late Mr. Andrew Lang as having been seen by him? A tentative question has been asked in "Notes and Queries," and no reply received. The permission of the authorities at the London Museum has been kindly granted to publish the letter, the manuscript having been generously presented to the Museum last autumn by the late Mr. Norman Richard Byers.

The following is printed precisely as written, with slight alterations in punctuation—

"Tuesday, 10th December N.S. 1748.

"DEAR MADAME.—The Prince having dined at home with about thirty at his table, mostly of his own people, was never seen more gay and easy, and proposed after dinner to walk in the Tuilleries,

Irishman. When the coach came to the *cul-de-sac*, the Prince alighting as usual was seized in a moment by a number of the Sergeants of the French Bleu Guards, three who shut the Opera door before him and the barriers behind him. While one insolently broke his sword in the scabbard, two others took the little pistols out of his side-pockets, then carrying him, without his feet touching the ground, to a room in the Palace Royal, where the Major of the French Guards, Marquis de van Dreul, told him he had the King of France's orders; all who took him were disguised in whitish-coloured cloaths such as footmen out of livery wear. The Prince was in the Palace Royal bound like a common criminal, and put into a *remise* coach, the Major and two Captains going with him, and French soldiers mounted behind with screw'd bayonets. The Prince then said, 'Gentlemen, this is but a dirty office you are employed in, I suppose I am going in my way to Hanover.' They told him he was going to Vincenans Castle, where as soon as he arrived he said to the Governor, Marquis de Chatel, 'I used to come as your friend, Governor; but now I come your prisoner. I hope you will salute me though I can't come to you.' The Governor, who was his very great friend, stormed like a lion, and run and unbound him, but was obliged to obey orders, and put him in that part of the Castle called the Dungeon, a little dark hole of a place in the Flight Tower, two Captains Guards within his room and four sentinels at the door. When he came into this miserable place in the Flight Tower, he said it was not quite so good as



OPENING THE ROYAL CLUB FOR OVERSEAS LADIES: PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, AT NORFOLK HOUSE.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

his 'bothies' in the Highland Hills. He threw himself in the bed, and could not be prevailed upon to throw off his cloaths nor eat, and next day he had nothing but a little soup, but on Thursday he dined, and was took ill after it by violent vomiting and purging, but was perfectly well the next day. He made the Captains always eat with him and spoke to them about the war, etc., and behaved with such a noble and manly courage that he so charmed the hearts of his guard that they were ready to cry when they spoke of him, and several swore that they would rather give up their Commissions than mount guard there any more. He parted from Vincenans Sunday morning about daybreak, where is not yet known, but it is said the Muskuitiers has orders to guard him to Ponte Beavisin on the Frontiers, a place belonging half to Savoy, half to France, where it is said he will be left to go where he pleases.

"The gentlemen who were in the coach with the Prince going to the Opéra were put in separate hackney coaches and carried to the Bastille. His footmen went by the same road, one of which, Angus McDonald, the only Scotsman there, fired a pistol at one of the men who took the Prince. Mr. Alexander McCloud and Stewart of Ardsheile were playing at back-gammon in the Prince's house, Sir David Murray was looking on, when the Guards came to the house and they were seized also and sent to the Bastille, as was the cook, washerwoman, and everybody within that door. . . . A great many French gentlemen were put in the Bastille that night and next day for speaking of it. The people got all up in the Opera to come out, but the doors were shut, everybody high and low were in tears, and I could not imagine the French were so fond of anything but their own King. The Count de Biron went from the Palace Royal to Court that night, and when the news were told the Queen, the Dauphine and Dauphiness and all the madams they threw down their knives and there was not one word spoke.

"You may depend upon the truth of this paper because I have it from the Governor of Vincenans and others of absolute credit, though it is treason now to say that he was tied or ill-used."



LENT BY THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AS A CLUB FOR OVERSEAS LADIES: ONE OF THE SPLENDID ROOMS IN NORFOLK HOUSE.

The Duchess of Norfolk has lent Norfolk House, 31, St. James's Square, with its splendid furniture and pictures, as premises for the Royal Club for Overseas Ladies (wives and relatives of officers from overseas), formed as an annexe to the Royal Club for Overseas Officers at the R.A.C., Pall Mall. There have been 1500 applications for membership of the ladies' club, which was opened by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, on Dec. 20.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

where several of his company followed him, particularly two of his Scots Chieftains, one of which spoke to him in the morning concerning the reports that were going that certainly he was to be taken up one of these days. And as the report went, that it was to be at his own house or in the Public Gardens, begged of him to give him and the rest of his subjects orders, but added he believed there was nothing in them. It coming on to rain while they walked, he left the Tuilleries and as stepping into his coach, the two Chieftains spoke to him again, and told him, if he had a mind to make a bender of it, as the King of Sweden did, he would not want assistance. At which he thanked them, but bid them not to be uneasy. He returned home, where he stayed about half-an-hour, and then took his coach and went to the Opera, attended by Sir James Herrington and Colonel Goring and two Englishmen and Mr. Sheridan an

WORKERS FOR THE FORCES: AT LADY SCLATER'S WORK-ROOMS.



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1. MAKING LIFE-SAVING WAISTCOATS FOR MEN ON MINE-SWEEPERS.

2. IN THE SLIPPER-MAKING ROOM.

In the first photograph (L. to R.) are: Mrs. Du Vernet (left foreground); Miss Jessel (extreme left); Mrs. Upton; Mrs. Diggles; Mrs. Rosenberg; Miss van Neck; Mrs. Langford; Miss Evelyn Bushby; Mrs. Oliver Berry; the Hon. Mrs. Marshall (extreme right); Miss Lindsay (next); and Miss Mowatt. In the second are: Mrs. Samson; Lady Margaret Graham; Mrs. Reid; Lady Sophia Heaviside; Mrs. Rouse; Mrs. Yates; Viscountess

Goschen; Mrs. Higginson; and Mrs. Verschoyle. The first parcel sent out by Lady Sclater went from 40, Lowndes Street on Aug. 18, 1914. The Depot is now at 18, Pont Street. An idea of the work may be gained from the statement that the attendances for the six months, January to June, 1917, were 19,813; and during that time over 174,000 articles were made and despatched to the B.E.F. or the Fleet.—[Photographs by Langfie]

HUMOUR AND CHINOISERIE IN THE DRURY



DIGNIFIED : MR. CALEB PORTER AS THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP.



COY : MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS WIDOW TWANKAY.



HAUGHTY : MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS WIDOW TWANKAY.



GLADSOME : MISS DAISY BINDLEY (LEFT) AS PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR AND MISS LENNIE DEANE AS TOI-SING.



MAGICIANLY : MR. ROBERT HALE AS ABANAZAR. AND A GUINEA-PIG AS ITSELF.

In the present version of "Aladdin," at Drury Lane, the book is the joint work of Messrs. F. Anstey (of "Vice-Versa" fame), Frank Dix, and Arthur Collins, with additional lyrics by Mr. J. P. Harrington, while the music has been provided by Mr. J. M. Glover and Mr. Melville Gideon. Miss Madge Titheradge (as seen in the photograph on our front page) plays the name-part, while the other chief characters are as illustrated in the photographs above. In the first Act the

LANE PANTOMIME : PRINCIPALS IN "ALADDIN."



AFFABLE : MR. WILL EVANS AS THE SLAVE OF THE RING.



COQUETTISH : MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS WIDOW TWANKAY AND MR. HARRY CLAFF AS EMPEROR OF CHINA.



KILT INTOIRELY : MR. ROBERT HALE AS ABANAZAR (DISGUISED AS A SCOTSMAN).



FROLICsome : MR. WILL EVANS AS THE SLAVE OF THE RING AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS WIDOW TWANKAY.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



STAPLE AND STABLE FOOD.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

THE Compliments of the Season, readers dears, the Season of Chestnuts and Pantomimes. I mean the real, roasted chestnuts, of course; no reflections on the Pantomimes!

Hope you had a nicey-nice Christmas, and all that, and many thanks for the kind messages received from "Yous" all. May you have few raids and much rabbit-pie, since rabbit is announced as very much on the menu shortly.

One mighty successful party I went to was that of Sir Jesse and Lady Boot, who were entertaining one thousand wounded Tommies at the Stoll Theatre, in Kingsway, in real regal, rollicking style. Tea and presents, and a scrumptious programme (the Stoll Theatre had surpassed even itself). Songs by many stars and, finally, projected on the screen, the procession of wounded heroes as they entered the theatre. Quick work, wasn't it?

Overheard during the last raidy night, the supreme in snobbishness. Two ladies were dining in the large dining-room of a rather bourgeois hotel somewhere in London, when a raid began. They had almost finished their ice. "Hurry up," said one, "let us go and have our coffee at the Porphyrus Palace, opposite."

"But," said the other; "the Porphyrus is no safer than here; besides, we'd have to cross the street. In fact, I believe this hotel has a better roof."

"It may have a better roof," said the snob decisively; "but the other has a *much better tone*." If she were to die, she meant to die in an odour of smartness.

There are just a few people who are grateful to Dora. One of my friends has an admirable cook, whose only fault was that she persisted in over-feeding the dog. "It was no use," my friend said; "I could do nothing. I could not part with cook—my husband would have left me; and if I had sold the dog my son would have gone out of my life! Cook carried out my instructions

of giving the dog one meal a day to the letter; and it was an *ever-lasting* meal; at least, it was "on" from sunrise to sunset. But now I have been able to put the fear of prison and Sir Arthur Yapp into her heart. All's well with the world and the dog's figure."

Of course, there is such a thing as being too patriotic at other animals' expense. (*Honi soit!*) A bachelor country parson, who, we must hope, knows more about the next world than he does about this (the village school-mistress keeps the parish accounts and, in his own words, "gets him out of many muddles"), thought to rear a pig on orange-peel and water. His odd man, with the rare wisdom of one who knows it is futile to argue with a fool, replied: "Well, it's your pig, Sir," and only offered first-aid when the hapless quadruped was at death's door. I believe that "Well, it's your pig!" has passed into a local proverb.

Some people puzzled by the food problems are dressmakers. In pre-war days it was quite usual for every well-dressed woman of the whole world to have wooden mannequins made to her exact size in the ateliers of her favourite *couturier* in Paris, so that clothes could be made to fit her perfectly from afar. The war has changed this somewhat. I hear from Paris that most mannequins no longer stand for the correct replicas of the clients—who keep on becoming slimmer and slimmer as the war goes on!

Talking of busts and silhouettes, I received from a French reader lately, apropos of my Rodin reminiscences, a rather amusing anecdote of the late master. In his pre-fame days, Rodin once received—O pride! O joy!—a letter from the Ministry of the Fine Arts, containing an order for a bust of Victor Hugo.

The bust being completed, however, the artist received from the same representative of les Beaux Arts who had first communicated with him a second letter, asking him to consider the order for the work as countermanded, as "the Ministry had meanwhile arranged for a bust of Victor Hugo with another sculptor *on much better terms*!" Rodin used to tell the story himself with great glee—in after years, though!

Still on sculptors, I hear that Jacob Epstein, who came up to town for a short leave, will have as a sitter, when he can resume work, pretty Edmée Dormeul, the French actress, who was so popular as Victoire in "The Better 'Ole."

Mrs. Edith Wharton, one of the foremost American writers, has proved that war-work and literature can proceed, if not hand in hand, at least simultaneously. She has just published another novel of New England life, "Summer," and has recently returned from a several weeks' sojourn in Morocco to her home in Paris. There she is President of the "Acceuil Franco-Américain aux Réfugiés Belges et Français" (American Hostels for Refugees), and is interested in sanatoria for French tuberculous war-victims.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the California novelist, is American President of "Le Bien-Etre du Blessé" in Paris, of which the French President is the Marquise d'Andigno. Through her hands, by the way, pass all the tempting delicacies provided by the Bien-Etre for French soldiers. Mrs. Atherton is also President of the Authors' League Fund for American writers hard hit by the war—a fund modelled on that of the Authors' Society here. In appealing for money to carry on relief work, she refers to authors as "queer cattle; unpractical, temperamental, idealistic, a breed apart." One



"She persisted in over-feeding the dog."



"Why does not somebody revive the mediæval fashion of a long straight gown . . . for this cold weather?"

American writer, Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs is Pigs," proves this when he offers to take up sewing to help the Red Cross, in case women do not volunteer in sufficient numbers. A noble example, which should be emulated! How many mere men are willing even to sew on buttons and darn their own socks?

A safe place in which to enjoy oneself (or, two selves, rather!) is Wyndham's Theatre, which has a concrete roof. Julia James, I hear, was in Barrie's mind as the creator of the part of the dream-child in "Dear Brutus"; but when the time came for producing the play, Julia was not free, and was unable to accept the part.

The actual dream-child, however, is a dream!



"The idle rich."

ster's Guinevere. Mrs. Duveen, I was told, had quite a nice little part, and I envied her picture-gown of white satin and pearls with a mauve-velvet cloak, pearl head-dress, and floating, filmy veil. Why are not such gorgeous garments the fashion now? They are much warmer, too, than the little frocks our pet dressmakers say are "just the thing to wear under fur coats," but which prove remarkably chilly.

Why does not somebody revive the mediæval fashion of a long, straight gown and long sleeves on to the hand for this cold weather? Several people have worn such gowns, and looked extremely handsome in them, both artists and Society folk; but the fashion still does not become general. And I am for long sleeves for all.

There is a secret society among a well-known group of Society women. They are doing the rare thing, good by stealth, and are pledged to take no milk in tea, coffee, or puddings. Lord Rhondda said in the hearing of one of these ladies that he thought milk ought to be left to the children, and no grown-up ought to take it. She observed that he lived up to his convictions and dieted himself strictly, and the example fired her. Now there are a growing number of women who are leaving milk, butter, and sugar to those who need them more.



"It is futile to argue with a fool."

Lady Forbes Robertson tells me she and Mr. Matheson Lang are organising a matinée in aid of the Old Vic, the People's Play

and Opera House. About £7000 is required for necessary structural alterations, hence the matinée. Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, Sir Sidney Lee, and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton are on the Appeal Committee to raise the necessary funds.

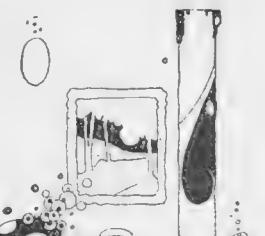
I look forward to seeing the tableaux of Famous Shakespearean Paintings the programme promises. Lilian Braithwaite, H. V. Esmond, Renée Kelly, D. Neilson-Terry, Hutin Britton, Iris Hoey, Eva Moore, Gladys Cooper, Julia James, Ellen Terry, and Lillah McCarthy are among the artistes. Lady Forbes Robertson is to be Juliet in scenes and a masque from "Romeo and Juliet," and there is to be a melodrama, "The Outlaw of Barra," produced by Gerald du Maurier, among other excitements. Tickets may be obtained from the Marchioness of Headfort, Lady Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Louis Duveen, at Claridge's, Lady Maud Warrender, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, and Miss Lilian Baylis, the clever woman who has kept the flag of the Old Vic flying for so many years.



"Remarkably chilly."

The Royal Automobile Club, which is now devoted to Overseas Officers, often has jolly entertainments, but has a specially big one early this month, when Lady Wyndham is giving "The Mollusc" and playing in it herself, with Miss Helen Morris in Elaine Inescourt's part. The Duke of Connaught is keenly interested in everything that is done for our Overseas officers and men in khaki, and it is probable that their Majesties may attend the matinée.

Shopping goes on as usual during the cold. I saw pretty Lady Chesham in Brompton Road; Mrs. Louis Duveen, in Brook Street, was carrying nice parcels that suggested presents, and numbers of pretty women this year went to the shops to choose their own goose or turkey.



A new amusement for the idle rich—someone suggested that women with leisure should shop for the poor—take their places in the queues. Admirable! Any offers?



Lady Margaret Sackville was busy all last year making toys to fill the orders she got at the exhibition. I saw her mother, Lady de la Warr, in town recently, with her niece, Miss Stella Rho, who plays the Italian maid in "Romance" who had been a prima donna herself. You remember! Miss Rho told me she had played Cavallini for one night. A contrast between the two parts—what? Miss Keane was suddenly taken ill, her understudy was

away, and Miss Rho forsook her "old" make-up and became the temperamental and fascinating Cavallini.

SMALL TALK



THE Royal Family's memory for old friends is proverbial. How many people, one wonders, would remember an accompanist years after the need for her services had ceased? But the other day the proud possessor of a card accompanied by a slip of paper bearing the words, "With best wishes from Mary R.," was exhibiting the gift to a few friends, and explaining that she had been accompanist to her Majesty at White Lodge. Ever since she has never failed to receive a mark of Royal remembrance every Christmas.

A Hard Worker. The announcement that the Duchess of Atholl has been obliged to take a complete rest owing to a breakdown has caused much regret, though little surprise, to her many friends. An excellent speaker, and gifted with organising powers of a high order, she has been greatly in request for war activities of various kinds, and invariably throws herself whole-heartedly into whatever she happens to undertake. Perfect quiet and freedom from correspondence has been prescribed, and everyone wishes her Grace a speedy recovery. By the way, the Duchess is a musician of no mean order, and, in addition to being a brilliant pianist, is a composer of music that experts pronounce to be more than a little good.

An Energetic Peeress.

Lady Drogheda, who flew over Dublin the other day scattering advertisements of her Air Services Exhibition, is probably one of the most energetic of our younger Peeresses, which is saying a good deal



MAID OF HONOUR TO LADY WIMBORNE: LADY MARIAN HASTINGS.



HEAD OF THE FONTINETTES COFFEE STALL, B.E.F.: MRS. ST. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Lady Marian Hastings, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, has been an untiring nurse and war-worker.—Mrs. St. John Williams has been working assiduously in France since 1914, running two stalls of her own, and is very popular with officers at the Front.

Photographs by Poole and Thomas Fall.



MAID OF HONOUR TO LADY WIMBORNE: THE HON. MRS. IAN MAITLAND.

Mrs. Ian Maitland is the wife of Captain the Hon. Ian Maitland, who is serving in Egypt, and was formerly on the Viceregal staff in Ireland. Mrs. Maitland has been an energetic worker for our troops, and is now a Maid of Honour to her Excellency Lady Wimborne.

Photograph by Poole.

Lord Fisher's Man.

Sir John Jellicoe was in a special degree Lord Fisher's man. Lord Fisher is said to have prophesied the war within a year, and to have predicted that Captain John Jellicoe would command the British Fleet in action against Tirpitz's Navy. It is not a little ironical that to-day we should hear of this comparatively young Admiral—he is only fifty-eight—being retired in order to make room for men of newer ideas. It is only a few years since Jellicoe himself was considered rather a dangerously youthful person. With a Peerage, a rich wife, and a charming family, Sir John should find his retirement far from insupportable, especially as he carries with him universal esteem and gratitude.

The New First Lord.

public know about the new First Sea Lord, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, are that he is known as "Rossy" and that he wears a monocle. He is, however, highly appreciated both in the Navy and in Society. He has the reputation of a good organiser, an accom-

modating person who can work well with others, and a strategist fully possessed of the offensive spirit. He makes no pretensions to being a superman, but he has a knack of getting others to do big things. Like his civil chief, he is a native of Fife, which is supposed to be the cannier of Scottish counties. He is something of a courtier, and from that point of view made an ideal Commander of the *Ophir* when that ship took the present King and Queen round the world. His professional qualities were equally shown by his fine work in the Dardanelles operations.

The Coolness of Caillaux.

An amusing story is being told of M. Caillaux to the effect that, after appearing for the last time before his Committee of Investigation, he was caught in a snow-storm. Unable to

capture a fiacre, he went up to a motor-car containing—as he probably knew, but confirmed by a question—detectives employed to shadow him. Settling this point beyond doubt, he quietly remarked, "Then take me home!" Surely the cult of coolness could no further go.

The Memories of a Great Lawyer.

Few men living have had a life so full and promising for "reminiscing" as Sir Edward Clarke, or, be it added, so broad a mind and fine an intellect to deal with the kaleidoscopic incidents and experiences of his career. Sir Edward is more than half-way through his "seventies," and no decade has been without its sensational incidents and duties—often painful enough, but always treated with equal skill and unfailing humanity.



PRESIDENT OF THE CO. WICKLOW BRANCH OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY: LADY POWERSCOURT.

Lady Powerscourt is an energetic worker for our troops. Her husband, Viscount Powerscourt, Irish Guards, was in the Gallipoli Expedition, and was Comptroller of the Household to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen, 1906-7.

Photograph by Poole.

THE LATEST : FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.



That high-crowned toques and hats are still the rage is shown by the very attractive trio on this page, which combine becomingness and smartness to an amazing degree. No. 1 shows a black velvet toque, trimmed with high wings; No. 2, a nut-brown velvet toque; No. 3, an original

cone-shaped hat, trimmed with the ever-popular ospreys; No. 4 is a delightful *robe d'intérieur*, made of velvet, and embroidered in silver beads; No. 5 is a black net evening gown, with semi-Persian trouser-skirt, and a perfectly gorgeous gold belt.—[Photographs by St. George's Studio.]



THIS little Lord Burlington, the Marquess of Hartington's son, was well prepared for, and the Princess Mary promised him for god-mother. He is, on all ordinary showing, so very important a child. Chatsworth will some day be his, which as many as 80,000 people have been to see in a single year. The late Duke of Devonshire left a fortune of nearly £2,000,000, which no private extravagance is likely meanwhile to impair. The King and Queen take a personal interest in the new arrival, having a great personal regard for its parents and its grandparents. Indeed, the Duchess of Devonshire was the first guest, outside the Royal family, to be asked to stay at Windsor after the death of King Edward.

A New Peacock. The Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton, now Baroness Wentworth in her own

right, does not inherit with her new title any English estates. Nor could she have bettered her present Sussex home at Crabbet Park. There her husband and she have their wonderful tennis court — one of only three or four such in all England, and worthy of its champion players. There, too, she has the

ENGAGED: MISS SHEILA MAW.

Miss Maw is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Trentham Maw, of Westcott, Surrey. Her engagement to Lieutenant A. de R. S. Redmond, Royal Irish Regiment, son of Dr. and Mrs. Redmond, of Popefield, Queen's County, Ireland, has been announced.

Photograph by Bassano.

famous Arab stud, from which Sultans have had to replenish their breeding stock; and there the kennels for the toy-dogs about which she has written a standard book nearly as big as one of the King Charles themselves. At Crabbet Park, too, Major Neville Lytton, now away at the war, for which he was among the earliest volunteers, has his studio — a place of beauty built apart. Lady Wentworth must be weary, when her verse is mentioned, of being reminded that she is Byron's great-grand-daughter. Her verse, however, has its own excellent standing. Indeed, some people like it so well as to think of Byron as her great-grandfather, and not to wish to be thought Byronical.

Lady Drogheda's Flight.

heda, one thinks

Talking of Byron, one thinks of Shelley; and, talking of Lady Drogheda of Shelley too.

After standing as a poster in the cause of charity, Lady Drogheda had some distance to make up. We are all creatures of reaction. And so she righted herself by the most rapid form of motion — she fled from London and she flew over Dublin. From her heaven (as she delightedly called it) she dropped into the streets of Dublin leaflets announcing the opening that day, by Lord Wimborne, of the Air Services Exhibition in aid of the Red Cross. She was herself, of course, the best exhibit by far. One remembers Shelley in Dublin furtively dropping into the baskets of old market-women the pamphlet announcing that one man is as good as another and a great deal better! That proved to be a little dull in the doing. But Lady Drogheda had a high old time of it!

MARRIED TO-DAY: MISS MAUDE BAYARD WIGGINS. The wedding of Miss Maude Wiggins, of Sandhills, Christchurch, Hants, to Captain Henry Ivor Powell, Northumberland Fusiliers, of Burton Hall, Christchurch, is arranged to take place on Jan. 2, at Christchurch.

Photograph by Vandyk.

BIRTHDAYS IN COMMON.

It was rather hard luck that Lord Kerry should have to disagree in public with Lord Lansdowne; and, of course, he did it in the friendliest possible fashion. Father and son, they happen to have one paternal-filial link in addition to all ordinary ones—their birthdays fall on the very same day. So these birthdays have never been forgotten on either side; and generally during the last forty years, since Lord Kerry was six years old, father and son have sat at table together on Jan. 14. This month they will make quite a point of so doing.

THE FAG AMERICANS END.

Americans now in London recall the pleasant companionship which some of their predecessors had with Lord Kerry's grandfather, the fourth Marquess. Seventy years ago, Mrs. George Bancroft, wife of the historian and the Minister here of the United States, wrote in her diary:

"Of all the persons I see, the Marquess of L. excites the most lively regard. I think he understands America better than anyone else of the high aristocracy."

The lady liked him for that, and felt compensated for many strangenesses among people, dishes, and dresses. "Their pheasants are not our pheasants, nor their partridges our partridges," she disconsolately records, and America's "simple breakfast dress is unknown in England." That Lord Lansdowne passed on to his son, the present Marquess, his understanding of America. And when Mr. Balfour was in the United States a few months ago, and was complimented on his own similar knowingness, somebody was "cute enough to recall that Balfour was Lansdowne's fag at Eton."

MEASLES AND EASELS.

Measles have become so thoroughly the vogue that they had no need to add to their victims the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners. Lady Leconfield,



THE NEW BARONESS WENTWORTH: FORMERLY THE HON. MRS. NEVILLE BULWER-LYTTON.

By the death of her mother, Anne Isabella, Baroness Wentworth, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Stephen Bulwer-Lytton, wife of Major the Hon. Neville Bulwer-Lytton, who has been wounded in the present war, succeeds to the Barony of Wentworth. Her mother married Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, whose name was world-known in connection with his famous stud of Arabian horses at Crabbet Park, Three Bridges.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

also have been really ill, and who are still obliged to be wary, find themselves without any sporting ambition to compete. The Duchess has gone into the country, and—despite all unhappy sound-associations—has unearthed her easels, long put aside for the more urgent duties of her wonderful hospital.

COURAGE AND CAMOUFLAGE.

The pluck of British officers, who are just as high-spirited as their men, is shown in the Christmas Magazine of Queen Alexandra's Hospital for Officers, at Highgate. They laugh at their wounds and compose verses with spirit in them, even when the nurse starts "camouflaging" the hospital bed.

A JANUARY BRIDE-TO-BE: MISS MURIEL V. MCCLURE.

Miss McClure is the only daughter of Canon and Mrs. Edmund McClure, of Eccleston Square. Her marriage to the Rev. S. C. Waldegrave, son of the late Rev. S. B. Waldegrave, and of Mrs. Waldegrave, of Sherborne, and grandson of the late Hon. Samuel Waldegrave, Bishop of Carlisle, is arranged to take place on Jan. 10.

Photograph by Lafayette.

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MEASLES HAVE BECOME SO THOROUGHLY THE VOGUE THAT THEY HAD NO NEED TO ADD TO THEIR VICTIMS THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND AND LADY DIANA MANNERS. LADY LECONFIELD,



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN MINISTER OF STATE: LADY AUCKLAND GEDDES.

Lady Geddes is the wife of Sir Auckland Geddes, K.C.B., Minister of National Service. Before her marriage, Lady Geddes was Miss Isabella Gumble Ross, daughter of the late Mr. William A. Ross, of New York.

THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD : A DISTINGUISHED SAILOR.



THE FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY PHOTOGRAPHED AT SEA: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROSSLYN WEMYSS
ON BOARD A WAR-SHIP.

Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Erskine Wemyss, who has just succeeded Sir John Jellicoe as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, is a son of the late Mr. J. H. Erskine Wemyss, and was born in 1864. In 1901 he commanded the "Ophir" during the Royal Visit to the Oversea Dominions, and in 1910,

the "Balmoral Castle" and her escort for the Duke of Connaught's voyage to the Cape to open the South African Parliament. During the war he commanded a squadron at the Dardanelles, and his work in connection with the evacuation received high praise in the despatches of General Sir Charles Monro.

Official Photograph.

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Sale price 1/4 per yd.

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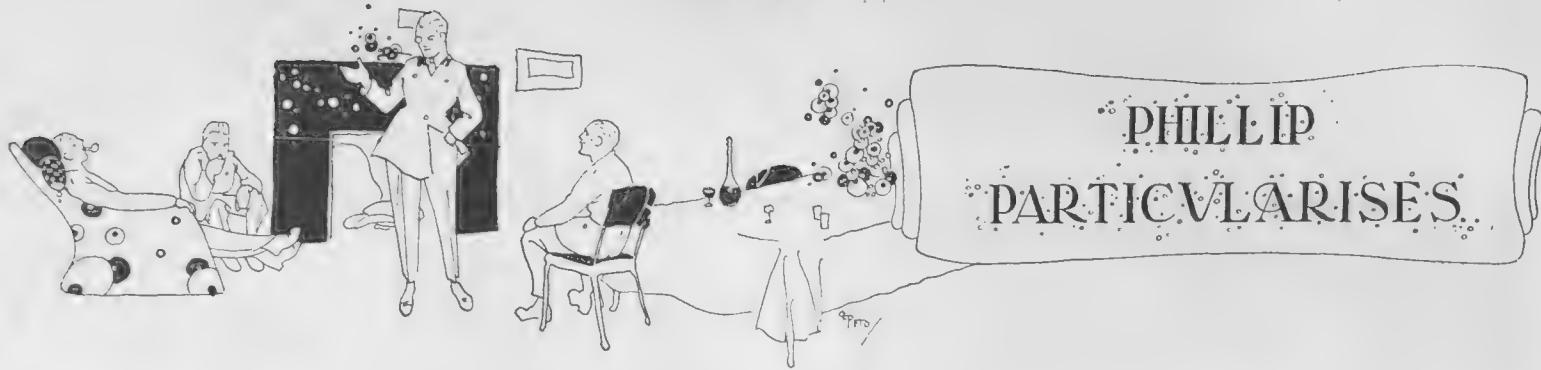
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ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH!



THE NEWLY HATCHED CHICK (*to the farm cat*): Flat? Yes—and so would you look flat if you'd been sat on by a seven-pound hen for three weeks!

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



DEALINGS WITH CHARITY.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

"**B**IBIANA WOOLWICH," reflected Phillip, "used to be a Baroness—one of the oldest of our titles, dating back to the first Potato Maximum—and lately they have Damned her; but I don't see that that has afforded any relief.

"They made her a Dame because of the way she can barrage the strenuous rich. She holds field-rank in Fêtes. She has taken Albert Hall for the same thing with more different names than there are Under-Secretaries in the Cabinet. Bibiana organised the 'New Cut Dress Beano,' and the 'Borough Road Even Less Dress Round Up.' She was also the guiding star of the 'All Aphrodite Remnant'—Bibiana fully appreciates the old homily: Charity uncovereth a multitude of skins.

"Bibiana is really one of the most obvious reasons why the Germans cannot possibly win this war; the race that can produce Bibianas can extract indemnities and terms from anything. Her carnivals are one long Decline and Fall of Bradbury, and it is said that she has stuck Flag-pins into more Margarine Magnates than any seven women under Revue rank. That was in a past phase of Armageddon, of course—in the War of Impositions period. Bibiana is beyond that now; she is most progressive. To hear her talk against the most resolute Special Matinée with music by Elgar is to find it hard to realise that yesterday she was only an excess dividend.

"Bibiana took me out to dinner one night when the moon was an hour and a half below the soup. I must say she has a charming taste in rationavanseries. I will give you the name of the place on a buff-slip, if you like, but you must promise to mark it 'secret waste' and have it burnt before the clock strikes 8.30. It was a neat place, camouflaged as a work of National Importance, and one's salient features were closely scanned and compared with the gallery of Controllers (kept up to date to within the last half-hour) that hangs in the hall. It is by this exercise of the most scrupulous care that they hope to survive commandeering for several new Ministries.

"Bibiana had only been to one matinée, three committee meetings, four differences of opinion, and a War Aims tea that day, and the quiet was getting on her nerves. She said very determinedly she must do something, or the war would degenerate into purposelessness. She thought of getting up a Fête."

"Heavens! What for?" put in Camillus here.

"That didn't matter," continued Phillip. "If you can get up your Fête, the reason for it nearly always occurs to someone before the business has gone too far. Bibiana understands that quite well. She was ready to get on with her Fête with unparalleled energy, but she was rather out of ideas that day. It had to be a very good idea—the sort of thing that would photograph well; but, beyond a rather jaded thought of Living Pictures from the Works of Harry Grattan, her mind was barren. She considered that, having tabs on, I should be able to help her.

"If she had come to me," said Harold, "I would have given her a topping idea. I should have got a hall, and some girls, and I should have dressed them in overalls—the girls, I mean, not the hall—and—"

"Noah had the same brain-wave when he wanted to entice the animals into the Ark, as you will see if you consult the costumes of his stall-holders in the hops," said Phillip. "For myself, I

suggested something in the Queue-line. I said 'A Fête à Queue' would touch a responsive chord in the London Breast. I told Bibiana to take some place where it snowed pretty regularly, and invite people in at exorbitant prices to buy quarter-pounds of everything. I was certain it would be a great attraction. I would have special stalls labelled for the sale of special commodities—one, say, with those rather rare things, Bazaar pin-cushions. All pin-cushion devotees would line up, and progress with terrible slowness to where the young lady stall-holder was going to be rude to them at half-a-guinea a time. A touch of rare charm might be got out of the fact that a special sprinkler would spray the Queue with the coldest water possible at half-hour intervals. When the people arrived at the Pin-cushion Counter, they would learn, of course, that there were no pin-cushions there at all, only paper-weights. I was very warm on the idea; I could see it being a magnificent success.

"Bibiana made a note of it, but was rather doubtful, which was not very encouraging of her. I told her that she was missing an opportunity of being well in the forefront of the National Spirit. All the best people are queueing. I knew card-indexuses at the War Office who were going to relieve their husbands in the Queues as a means of impressing the Government. I had known Brigadiers who had waited in Corona queues, only to get 'Woodbines' after two hours' waiting in the severest frost—and Brigadiers are very brittle in frost. It was up to Bibiana to show that her set were at heart with the best of the nation. It might be possible to get a Deputy Sub-Chief Food Topic Expositor to perform the opening ceremony, and to explain the meaning and the nuances of the game, and to give details of all the cards and sub-cards that mothers of families and children under three must fill up before a magistrate in order to declare no trumps.

"I told her the story of the American who waited in a very pleasant queue for the period of three sticks of chewing-gum. He was very affable, and told all around little stories about Wilson and the old Buff Orpington he kept on his farm. When he arrived, a sticky mass was thrust into his hand, and he said politely 'Hell, what's this?'

"'No tea,' said the girl; 'but you can have a pound of soap.'

"Soap be Roosevelted! said he. 'Is this or is this not the early door of "The Thirteenth Chair"?'

"There was, of course, I told Bibiana, another alternative. She might start a *Movement*. Brother Lansbury had thought of it already, but it had points. The idea was that all the hotels should be turned into Communal Feeding Centres, which seemed most attractive. The thing was already half done, since most of us, in fear of exceeding the limit, put our trust already in the Carlton and other legal centres. Speaking for Camillus, I explained that there are many very good patriots ready to go to great ends for so natural a purpose. I am willing to tear myself from the seductive allure of the canteen any day in order to sacrifice myself at the tables of the Ritz. I urged this upon Bibiana, but she was thinking deeply. Suddenly she looked up triumphantly. 'I have it,' she cried. 'The very thing. It will be a monster novelty. I wonder nobody thought of it before. It'll be a Fête, with girls dressed in the very latest fashion, and—and it shall be called "A Dream of Fair Women."'

"They'll make you a Plus-Dame for that," I told Bibiana. "Originality is the virtue they prize most in this war."

THE END.



WITH HER INFANT DAUGHTER, LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND:
THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.

The marriage of the sixth Marquess Townshend and Miss Gladys Sutherland took place in 1905. The elder child of the Marquess and Marchioness, Viscount Raynham, was born in May 1916.—[Photograph by Compton Collier.]

THE TANK!



MRS. JONES; What's wrong wi' the dorg, Garge?

GARGE: W'y, the old thief's been an' swallered my War Bonds; so I've got to pay 'im into the bank.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



YOU and I have just been told by the Churches that we must look to the Great and Wise for a victorious peace. We have, we do, and we will. At the same time, we do not propose withdrawing a hopeful eye from the Great N.Y.s—

NEW YEAR
and
NEW YORK!

There has been dark talk in quiet corners to the effect that before 1918 is many months older we shall find the tax on theatre tickets almost double what it is to-day. I am not an amusement glutton—I am no rash and hazardous spendthrift in the pursuit of the footlights. But I am certain it would be a very mischievous policy that made theatre-going more difficult for people than it is already, for the reason that England cannot anywhere near afford to make dull boys and girls of her Jacks and her Jills by giving them "all work and no play."

The Black Cloud Armageddon sat brooding on my heart—sat sombre, chill, and leaden, and soured the meat I fed on, as by the witches' art.

The Black Cloud Armageddon did that and worse for me. It trenched the ground I tread on with moats of misery, and chilled me as I sped on to work for *Victory*!

But the Black Cloud Armageddon shall conquer me not quite! The day shall see my head on the Nation's work; at night my aching eyes shall redden with laughter and delight.

The slave to Armageddon, the Black Cloud Armageddon, gives Armageddon might!

There is a woman in the world upon whom the sugar-card formalities of to-day fall most heavily and most humiliatingly. That woman—and she is to be multiplied by many, many thousands—is the still hopeful spinster who is sensitive on the subject of her natal day. For years accustomed to the privilege of being of uncertain age, she is suddenly required by law to be of a certain age—and to write it correctly and legibly upon a card that all who run, or stand behind the counter of the grocery stores, may read.

I have a home in the country, and I know the full heart-breaking bitterness of this age-revealing as it affects the dear soul

composed of young women, some pretty, some so-so, all passable and possible, and none pitying. To these giggling young uncom-passionates our dear sporting spinster in her non-committal tailor-mades and smart brown brogues must tell what she has never yet told to her dearest friend! The cash-desk of a country grocery stores is a sorry substitute for the Confession-Box, and in half-an-hour the anxiously guarded secret is known along the whole length



AT THE HOTEL MODERNE, PARIS—THE "BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY LEAVE CLUB": THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

The Hotel Moderne is in the Place de la République, and is open to all British, Anzac, Canadian, and other soldiers of the Empire, in Paris on leave or on duty in or near the French capital. It forms a meeting-place for all, and supplies meals, beds, hot baths: also recreation-rooms, where Paris dramatic and musical stars give entertainments.—[Photograph by C.N.]

of the village High Street, from the white fencing of the level-crossing at one end to the little cobbler's at the other.

I hate grousing. I think I made the fact pretty plain in these columns last week. But if I am to pay £2 5s. a ton for coal—which for coal is not dear, as things go—may I not have coal? It is as if the miners had gone too deep, and were blunting their picks on the Stone Age!

The Stone Age! That reminds me I have a few blocks of Walt Masonry to say to George Robey—

The struggle over with the day, and all its cares and all its sighs, how fine it is to turn your way to laugh—and to philosophise! For in your pre-historic man, how closely logic jostles mirth! I'll tell you, if I may, and can, your meaning on this troubled earth.

To me you seem to come to show how little we have altered since that era of some time ago at which your whole appearance hints. For still we love and still we hate, and still for daily bread we fight; and still, as in the savage state, we hunt the birds by day and night!

If we have changed, the change is ill! With bludgeon in a hairy grip, 'twere best, for food, one foe to kill than slay a host or sink a ship! But these are thoughts we'll leave alone, or hand for treatment to the Sage. . . . Perhaps he'll prove the Age of Stone was fairer than our Stoney Age!

I have just found another little job for the Food Controller. I want him, when the law of bread-rationing is in force, to have me summoned before a magistrate for eating sausages for breakfast. He will not frame the charge against me precisely in those words. His complaint will be that I, as a consumer of prime breakfast sausages, have for some time been indulging in a reckless excess of bread-eating! I shall answer the charge with a question: Where do the sausage-manufacturers get their millions of loaves from?

A. B. M.



AT THE HOTEL MODERNE, PARIS, THE "BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY LEAVE CLUB": THE MUSIC-ROOM.

The "British Army and Navy Leave Club" has been visited by, among others, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Derby, General Sir Arthur Currie, in Command of the Canadian forces. As an instance of how the Club is appreciated, it may be mentioned that during November it supplied beds to 8000 men, and served 18,000 meals.—[Photo. by C.N.]

of fifty who has somehow got left out in the cold by Hymen, and whose heart is still stirred strangely by the naughty riot of the Wedding March. The staff of the grocery stores is entirely

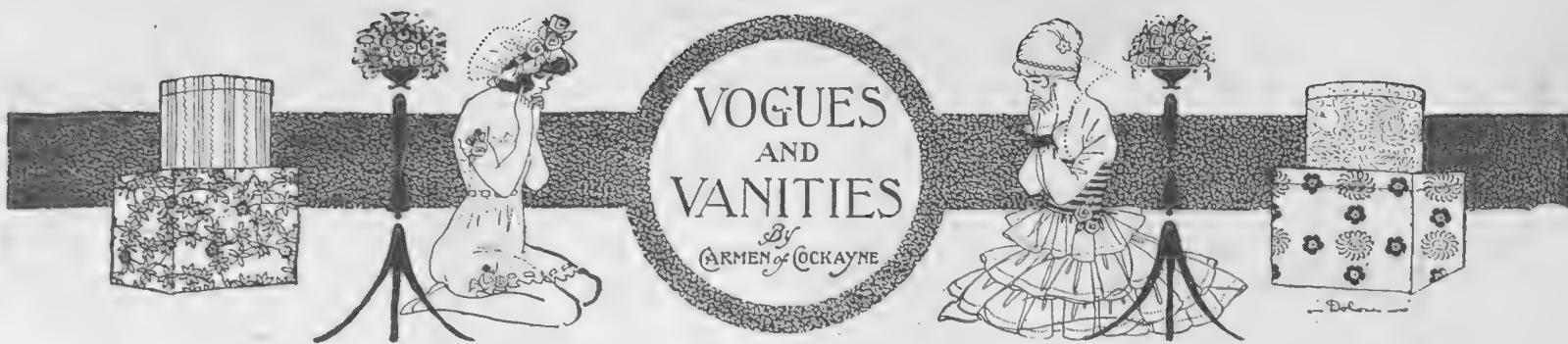
CHILLY.



JIM: 'Ullo, Joe! 'Appy New Year, an' many of 'em.

JOE: Funny, ain't yer?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



The New Greeting. Greetings in the New Year, and happy hunting in the sales that began yesterday and are going on till every British home, whether it is humble or stately, bristles with the bargains that every woman is supposed to love.

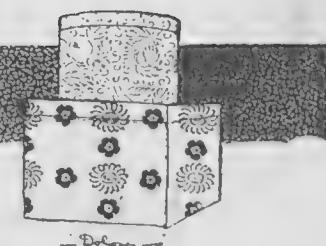
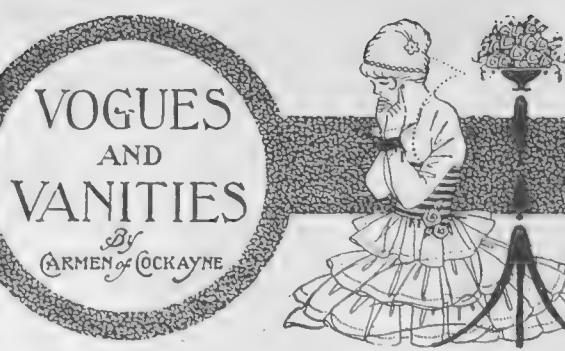
Bargains with a Difference.

What with the sales following hard on the heels of Christmas presents, it doesn't look as if we poor economising women were going to be able to put those New Year resolutions about thrift into practice all at once. For days the shop-windows, usually haughtily uninformative about anything so vulgar as £ s. d., have become a mine of information on the exact amount of saving that will be effected on certain articles provided they are bought between Jan. 1 and Feb. 1. If all we read is true, it is certain that this year's bargains are going to be even more phenomenal than ever—not because they are really any different from the kind of bargains we have often secured before, but because an all-round rise in prices is promised before the sales come round again. That, of course, is no reason for indulging in "clothes-hogging"—a vice which, as every woman knows, brings its own punishment long before the clothes themselves have worn out. But it does mean that the exercise of foresight and discrimination now may effect quite a substantial saving later on, and so allow us to "plunge" more recklessly in War Bonds than we have ever done before.

Value for Money. Clothes will wear out, even though there is a war on; and vigorous youth has still the trick of coming back from school looking as if, like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, it had been caught napping by the man with the scissors. Sale bargain-hunting in the old days was a joyous Odyssey in search of excitement; sale bargain-hunting in wartime is a serious crusade undertaken in the interest of that economy which we are all trying hard to turn into a national instead of a merely personal virtue. So it is only common-sense to go where the best value for money is obtainable, and the winter sale at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, has long enjoyed that sort of reputation, not in any one particular direction, but in every



Smartness is not a prerogative of the grown-up, but is something in which youth can share.



department—a fact which not a few harassed women have tested for themselves over and over again.

Thinking Ahead. With the holidays in full swing and term-time looming close ahead, to say nothing of such chastened enjoyments as the Christmas and New Year season still provides for youth, the question of the schoolroom and nursery wardrobe assumes additional importance.

The rising generation has long since dressed on the principle that youth, even extreme youth, is the time for smartness—a fact that is reflected in the frocks and suits prepared by the dress artists who cater for the needs of the men and women of to-morrow. Though it sounds extravagant, a frock of white Brussels net with a pleated skirt, and a short corsage veiled by a deep collar that suggests a coatee, and is embroidered in pale blue and pink, is really an economy, for the net washes well, and is less apt to crush than either muslin or crêpe-de-Chine. Not that Peter Robinson's concentrate exclusively on party frocks, for suits for young people, with the pockets and girdle and embroidery that the mode demands, are not the least interesting among the varied sale attractions. Jack too, equally with Jill, is well provided for; and even if your age does not happen to run to more than a few hours, there is no reason to despair about finding something suited to your particular style of beauty.

Coat Considerations.

The day has passed when the coat was merely a wrap. What with so many women heroically determined to face the icy blasts of winter in just as few clothes as they can decently manage to put on—"just to leave stuff for the other people, my dear, because there really is a shortage of wool, you know"—and others, not a few, stoically wearing their last year's summer frock owing to the war, a woman and her coat are seldom parted except in her own house. Like charity, it cloaks a whole lot of sins which, though the unobservant male might fail to detect them, would be obvious to the keener eye of observant femininity. Women have no objection to economising—but it happens to be just one of the few virtues they don't care to advertise; and, after all, it is only reasonable for the average specimen to want to show a good appearance to the outside world. The best way to do it is in a fur coat—a "sale" fur coat, in which one gets the advantage of a reliable pelt like musquash combined with the moderation in price that is so great a consideration these straitened days. As an alternative, there is seal-coney for the woman in search of a coat in which smartness and economy are happily combined; whilst the less fortunate ones, denied the luxury of a fur coat of any sort by unkind Fortune, can still attain the goal of *chic* in one of soft duvetyn or velour cloth deeply cuffed and collared to the ears in furry charm.



You may not have a fur coat, but there is no reason why everyone should not have a fur collar.

N.B. It is worth remembering that catalogues can only be sent on application; but, once secured, the country buyer debarred from making a personal visit can count on taste and care being exercised to make an order by post a thoroughly satisfactory matter.

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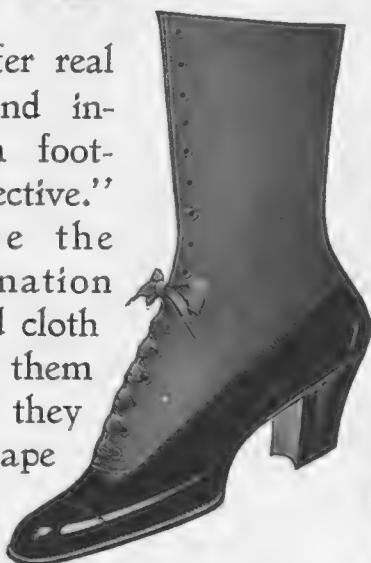
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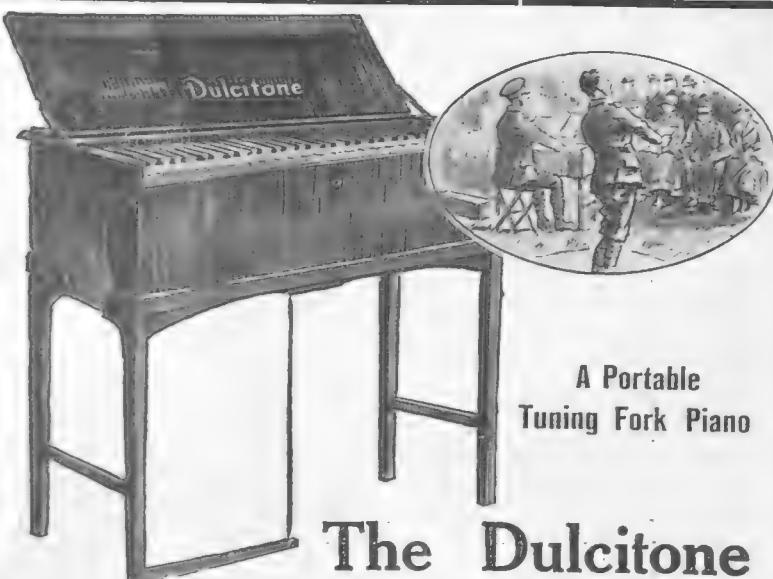
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Paper Body-Wrapping.

Those who feasted this Christmas—there were some—indulged in no post-prandial talk about it, otherwise there would have been disagreeable consequences. The public begins to be very irritated about unequal distribution of food. Money should not have the power in war time to procure too much of essentials for some, while others have not nearly enough. It is a Hunnish use to put it to. Queues for food begin to go out in the New Year, and queues for clothes bargains come in. The latter are war-economy, because the price of materials and making will be higher in the spring; and we should find costumes of foliage a little draughty for our climate, even if attainable in such early months. Paper clothes are advocated by some, but we prefer our papers to clothe our minds. We can leave paper body-wrapping to the Huns without regret.

Just First-Rate. Badge-brooches are not enough to do honour to our splendid fighters. They are worn by mothers, sweethearts, wives, sisters, and cousins, to say nothing of aunts, of all classes. Additional *esprit-de-corps* is now being shown in the wearing of wings in the hair, or in the hat, which are the counterpart of those of the R.F.C. Women are also taking kindly to the eagle of the R.N.F.S. as a toque ornament; the bird is well differentiated from the American eagle, which is also in the flight



A DISTINCTIVE MODEL.

Rows of fine red thread are used here with great effect to mark the outlines of this original model.

and fight for freedom. The Tank Corps is the newest to receive feminine recognition, and small glittering tanks as hair ornaments are by no means ineffective in appearance—although, happily, not so in operation, or waves and curls might be flattened out. There is a distinct rivalry among women as to the respective merits of the different fighting corps. There should be none, for all are just first-rate.

All Sorts and Sizes. Gifts this year were truly remarkable. To an old maiden lady famed for her sweet tooth a troupe of nephews and nieces conveyed two pounds of sugar saved from their own allowances. The dear old lady

nearly converted lump into moist with her tears. I was given a plum-pudding by a cousin who shared her own with me, otherwise I had passed a puddingless Christmas. Another gift was a roll of Viyella in pretty design meant for shirts and skirts. It was received with acclamation by a knowledgeable woman who owns a robustious family, and who swears by soft, light, warm, unshrinkable, durable, and very comfortable material. Two pounds of tea were found an acceptable gift in the sight of two bachelor girls in rooms in London. I saw unpacked, with smiles of welcome, a bland bald head of a pig; and I saw received with joy unfeigned a large bladder of lard. The present-practical was the success of Christmas 1917.

Overcoated All. I think the entire British nation has retired into its overcoat. I never saw so many of all sorts and sizes on men, women, and children. They were bulgy too, and one reason given to me for the general wearing of them, instead of fur coats and fur-trimmed coats, was the extra pocket accommodation for parcels. Some of the smartest were Dexters. These managed to convey sundries without looking clumsy, because they are beautifully cut. Civilians, fighters, and ladies were nearly all Dextered and all comfortable, and all looked quite "it." A Dextered woman of my acquaintance told me she had packed her pockets so as to puzzle the dexterous-fingered tribe. The valuables were at the bottom, and her invaluable parcels of tea and butter she carried in her hand. Weatherproof and pocket-picking proof, she smiled as she walked along in quite a Dexter-inspired manner.

Dominion Gratitude. I have been in search of some nice serviceable coats and skirts, and two riding-suits, for nieces of mine who have hurriedly married—I hope there will be no leisured repentance—and have accompanied their husbands overseas, said husbands having done their bits, married them wives, and gone home. Well, I went to many places, and finally fetched up at Harry Hall's, 207, Oxford Street, where I found the style and cut and material I wanted, without involving the nieces in financial difficulty. The riding-suits, I think, are exceptionally nice, and the cost wonderfully moderate; they specialise in them at Harry Hall's Ladies' Salon. The coats and skirts are also of the nicest, and I look forward to much Dominion gratitude. I remembered that the nephews-in-law had sworn by their coats and breeches and tunics from this establishment, and so I thought that feathers for the geese should be best found where were fit feathers for the ganders!

The Plan for Pets. At this time it is somewhat irritating to read of a sum of £400 being left by a maiden lady for the support of two dogs and two cats. It by no means follows that the animals will have all the money spent upon them, and in time of stress it is far better to leave directions for the painless extinction of pets. It is, indeed, better and more humane to do so at all times, for the canines and felines are thus spared grief for their owner, and distress for change of circumstance, and are beyond reach of human frailty. Once I knew of a maid who was left a large sum of money for the maintenance of three pet dogs and a parrot. Inside six weeks of her mistress's death she had sold one dog, had two put to sleep, and had also sold the parrot; inside two months she was the wife of the coachman of a neighbour of her mistress and the proprietress of a flourishing public-house. So, ladies, when you make your wills, be merciful and have your pets painlessly destroyed.

Pets and Policy. In these hitherto unheard-of days, when everything as well as everybody is confronted with and often difficult problems, the policy of dealing with one's pets has become acute. To sell, to give them a peaceful end, to keep them in their ordinary conditions of life, all call for tact and heart.



A WINTER COAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

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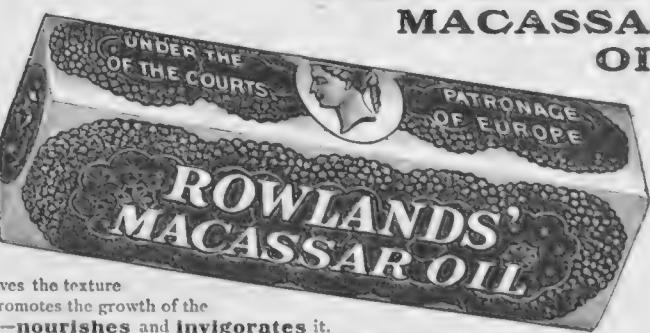


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THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



WHEN a man goes about saying no one understands him, you can't help wondering whether that is his own fault or everybody else's. He takes a pensive pride in the persuasion that he is misjudged by all who do not share his opinion of himself. It gives him a subtle feeling of superiority, suggests to him that he is unusual, extraordinary, perhaps wonderful, and therefore beyond the comprehension of the everyday multitude. My private conviction is, however, that we are all remarkably like each other when you get to know us, and that the human being who fancies he is exceptional will never really understand himself till, by some happy accident, he punctures his self-conceit and so learns that there is nothing in it.

Nations, in this respect, resemble individuals. We have come to accept it as an axiom, for instance, that nobody understands the Irish; and certainly the authors who have studied them, and endeavour to explain them to us, generally disagree in the diagnosis of their character. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's interpretation of it in "Herself—Ireland" is wholly charming. She has lived for some while in the country, and her lively, amusing, sympathetic chronicle of the people she has met there and the places she has visited makes very pleasant reading. She touches on Irish history too, has something to say of great Irishmen of the past, and brings together stories and witty sayings and anecdotes that help to reveal the soul and spirit of Ireland, and seem to justify her in concluding that "England appeals to the head; Ireland appeals to the heart."

On the other hand, I remember that Bernard Shaw, who is an Irishman, lays it down that the English are a foolishly romantic and sentimental, and the Irish a strictly logical, practical people. He does not exactly repeat this in "How to Settle the Irish Question," which guys Sinn Feiners and Ulstermen impartially, but he implies as much. The English are sheepish, he says, and it is up to the Irish to teach us "good political sense"; and that, so far from talking of separation, in her own interest Ireland must not allow England to dissolve the partnership even if she wants to, because the unpractical England, "left to herself, would go to the devil politically, and her fate would involve the others."

But, of course, Shaw is suspect. He has acquired a reputation as an incorrigible jester, and the public cannot believe in the earnestness of the man who laughs at it. Maybe that is why, when Shaw urged that he should be nominated a member of the now-sitting Irish Convention, both the Government and the Convention gave him the cold shoulder. Nevertheless, this book proves his title clear to a place in that assembly—there is more vision and understanding in his satirical epigrams, more wisdom in his laughter, than in the solemnities and pomposites of most of our orthodox legislators.

Anyhow, if Shaw is misunderstood, it is not because he surrounds himself with ice, like the unapproachable men Richard King describes in "With Silent Friends," when he writes of the difficulty of getting to know people. He comes nearer to Shaw's case, perhaps, in the little essay on "Our Masks," but I won't quote from it, for you ought to read that and all the rest of the book for yourself. Mr. King has a gracious charm of style, and in these hundred or so of brief essays has garnered the harvest of a quiet eye that has brooded much on the life that is lived by average men and women,

and seen what is good in it as well as what is not good. Cities delight him, but he has another sort of happiness in solitude; he is all for peace, but no lover of contentment. He can lose his temper with mean or brutal vices, but has a kindly tolerance for the small imperfections of humanity, and knows that sympathy is the only touchstone that will enable one man or one race to understand another. A whimsical humour plays through all his musings on the large or lesser problems of daily experience, but he can't touch you poignantly when he turns to think of the war or of those blinded soldiers and sailors to whose Children's Fund the profits on his book will go. He is sound, if a little disquieting, on love and marriage and the difficulties of living together, but when he quotes the elderly as advising the young man never to marry the girl who, among other failings, "ties up her stockings with string," I feel that he ought to assist the young man with a hint as to how he may ascertain, before it is too late, whether the lady is or is not addicted to that unpardonable habit.

There are any amount of misunderstandings in Marius Lyle's new novel, "Sins of the Mothers," for nobody could hope to understand such a family as the Oldfields. The father is likable, but queer in some of his notions; the son Ivan is a prig and a decadent, and dies tired of things; of the daughters, Barbara is pretty, affectionate, nice; Alice, independent and without sentiment; Clara, unstable and also without sentiment; and Veronica, the eldest, full of sentiment, and with her father's common-sense fighting for mastery in her with "her mother's fantastic imagination." Then there is the enigmatical mother, dead before the story starts, but a living and potent influence over all the household. Not, on the whole, a pleasant crowd; but they are cleverly handled, and their blended stories make an uncommonly interesting book.

Arethusa Blake, in "The Sheep Path," misunderstands herself and is misunderstood by others. Her father thinks she has not a normal character, and she accepts his opinion and acts up to it. Only after she has married the wrong man, who is an invalid and disinterestedly advises her to find consolation in a way that is unthinkable to her, does she realise that she is "just a woman," and set out, as soon as she is widowed, to marry the man she should have married at first, and tread the normal woman's sheep path to happiness. It is worth reading. So is Guy Fleming's "Over the Hills and Far Away," a delightful

romance of Jacobite times, when picturesque adventures in England were easier to come by, and, life being less complex, men quarrelled not so much because they misunderstood each other as because they understood each other too well.

BOOKS TO READ.

- Herself—Ireland. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. Illustrated. (Hutchinson.)
- How to Settle the Irish Question. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable.)
- With Silent Friends. By Richard King. With an Introduction by Clement Shorter. (Jordan-Gaskell, Ltd.)
- Sins of the Mothers. By Marius Lyle. (Andrew Melrose.)
- The Sheep Path. By Harry Tighe. (Westall.)
- Over the Hills and Far Away. By Guy Fleming. (Longmans.)
- From the Fire-Step. By Arthur Guy Fleming, an American in the British Army. (Putnam's.)
- The Third Year in the Little House. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Hutchinson.)
- Cordwainer Ward in the City of London. By A. Charles Knight. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin.)
- The Kitten in the Crater. Tales from the Front. By Thomas Tiplady. (Kelly.)



MARRIED IN PARIS LAST MONTH: LADY SIMON, WIFE OF MAJOR SIR JOHN SIMON.

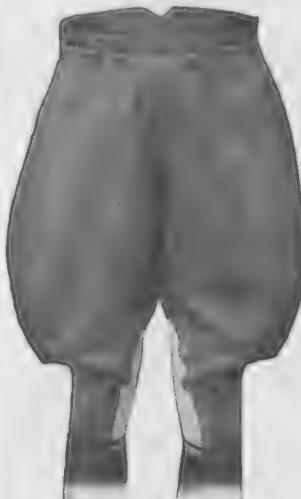
The marriage of Major Sir John Simon and Mrs. Manning took place in Paris on Dec. 17. A few days later Sir John returned to his duties at Headquarters; while Lady Simon remained in Paris. Sir John was Solicitor-General, 1910-13; Attorney-General, with a seat in the Cabinet, 1913-15; and Secretary of State for Home Affairs, 1915-16. His first wife died in 1902. He has a son and two daughters.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

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COAL - GAS AND PETROL: MOTORS IN FRANCE: THE NEW AIR BOARD POLICY.

The Coal-Gas Problem.

At any moment now we may find that an order has been issued by which the use of coal-gas on motor-vehicles will be prohibited, save under the conditions by which petrol is still available for locomotion. In other words, the Petrol Control Committee, which was formed over three years ago for the rationing of an imported fuel, will for the second time have had its powers extended. It was allowed to include white oils, paraffin, and other petroleum substitutes for petrol within its purview when motorists sought to extricate themselves from the difficulties of the situation, and will now take over the control of coal-gas where every type of motor-vehicle is concerned. In the circumstances it would appear at least logical to change the name of the Committee to that of Fuel Control Committee, even if the point be waived altogether as to whether the enlargement of its scope is constitutional or otherwise. Be that as it may, however, it will soon be made clear that coal-gas is not going to offer any material relief to the private car-owner, or even to those who may wish to use it for business purposes. Permits, in a word, to use coal-gas will only be granted in precisely the same way as those for any form of petroleum fuel—that is to say, for work of national importance. Now this may all be very justifiable, but the fact remains that much delay must necessarily occur, even in the employment of coal-gas to the permitted degree; for all those who have been endeavouring to cope with the new situation by designing methods of carrying gas on motor-vehicles have had to hold their hands, not knowing whether or not their appliances

would be authorised under any conditions. When permission is vouchsafed to go ahead, up to a point, the supply of cylinders, gas-bags, or any other device, will not be available to an adequate degree.

Locomotion in France.

Meanwhile the mystery still remains unsolved as to why France has been able, up to a few days ago, to carry on with practically no fuel restrictions whatsoever. Although the railway and tramway systems are nothing near so highly developed as in England, and although the magnificent system of national arterial roads has facilitated the use of motor transport to a much greater degree than with ourselves, the French motorist has been drawing 66 gallons of petrol a month during the past year, and as much as he liked before that. A friend of mine who has just returned from Paris informs me that motor-cars were everywhere in use, albeit it was a very different picture which he drew of railway locomotion. From London to Paris, he states, took him 38 hours, as against the 7 hours of pre-war journeys. At last, however, all is changed, and from Jan. 1 onwards, only cars doing work of public importance will be allowed to run, while their allowance will be limited to 11 gallons

per month. This shows that petrol is less plentiful than heretofore in France, but throws no light on the totally different state of things that has prevailed for three years past in England, so far as concerns control. The petrol companies, it may be added, on this side of the Channel are still pestering retail agents to take in bigger stocks of spirit, and it becomes more and more evident that the control of fuel in this country has by no means been based on the question of supplies alone, but has been dominated by other considerations, of which labour shortage is not the least important.

Air Board Changes.

Very welcome are the changes which Lord Rothermere has effected at the Air Board. In spite of the fact that the Board recently embarked upon a more spirited policy, where output is concerned, and, in spite of the fact that in Sir William Weir the country has an invaluable public servant, whose abilities and energies none can question, there have remained some weak points in departmental administration, especially in respect of overlapping. Of course,

there have been criticisms in plenty of the technical department as such, but, whether they have been deserved or not, no one could defend a situation in which one department does not see eye to eye with another. The sort of impasse that is likely to be created in such circumstances may be illustrated by an experience of which an engineer of marked ability has given me documentary proof. By one department he was definitely accorded permission in writing to make some engines of his own design, and was informed that another department would provide him with the requisite materials. When, however, he applied for these, he was informed, also in writing, that the first department had no authority to give any such pledge, and that the materials would not be released. There is reason to believe, however, that the re-organisation of the staff will prevent the recurrence of incidents of this undesirable type.

The New Gotha. The Hun raiders have at last got their new Gotha into service, and the first example took part in the raid of Dec. 18. It is known in German air circles as the "London" type, having been specially designed for the sole object of raiding the metropolis. From a pilot who has had exceptional experience of German bombers, I learn that the machine is much larger than the existing Gothas, has a formidable array of engines, and is capable of maintaining a remarkably high altitude. The Gothas with which we have hitherto been familiar are now very active on the Western Front, the number now in operation from end to end of the lines having reached a total of no less than eight hundred. Meanwhile certain of our aircraft-workers at Coventry and Bristol chose to go on strike!



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

DURRY LANE is content to run upon traditional lines this year, without attempting anything noticeably new. It may, of course, be that the expert in the art of the ballet would notice some new effects achieved, some departure from the beaten track; but to those who look with just the general eye it will seem the customary vision of gorgeousness, in which the chief feature is a revel of Chinese conjurors, as befits a spectacle the hero of which is Aladdin. The colouring and the movement and the effects of distance and mistiness are as wonderful and expansive as ever; and, though there seems to be slightly less elaboration, that will not detract from the popularity of the pantomime. There are three acts this time, instead of two. In the first, Aladdin is taken down into the cave by the magician Abanazar to get the lamp, and is helped in his search by the Slave of the Ring. In the second, he marries the Princess and sets himself up in his new palace built by the Slave of the Lamp; and in the third, having lost lamp, palace, and wife, he follows them to Africa and gets them all back. Miss Madge Titheradge is the hero of it all, and she plays with energy and spirit, determined to stamp her own individuality upon a part which is generally that of a mere principal boy; and she succeeds in doing so. The rest is the frolics of Mr. Robert Hale, Mr. Will Evans, and Mr. Stanley Lupino. They are all in great form in their several ways: Mr. Hale vigorous and incisive, Mr. Evans genial and urbane, and Mr. Lupino making a very entertaining third. Mr. Evans does his best to build a palace with some timber, bricks, and rope, and spends with Mr. Lupino a riotous ten minutes packing a trunk; and these two events are the cause of the heartiest laughter of the evening. They provide between them



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[Continued overleaf.]

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plenty of simple, hearty fun. There is a new leading lady in Miss Daisy Bindley, who sings prettily as the Princess; and Mr. Harry Claff, who plays the Emperor of China and also the Demon of the Cave, has an imposing presence and a good voice.

The new Gaiety musical comedy, "The Beauty Spot," played by an entirely new Gaiety company, should enjoy a great success. It is based on a French farce in which, as one gathered, complications arose from the fact that a gentleman who had appropriated another

man's book and reputation, and was posing as one who had travelled much in Baluchistan, was blackmailed by various people who came to live with him. There was Mr. Tom Walls, a comedian with a quiet and effective style, who insisted on staying with him and appropriating his pretty secretary, Miss Peggy Kurton; and there was Mr. Claude Cameron, a humorous fellow who pretended to have come from Baluchistan, and brought with him Mlle. Régine Flory in a series of wonderful frocks. There was not much sign of the original complications left in the English adaptation by Mr. Arthur Anderson, for little happened beyond the fact that these people came and danced and sang and made merry; but these things they did so well that little else mattered. The leader of them all was Mlle. Flory, who, with Mr. Jan Oy-Ra, gave us a marvellous acrobatic dance illustrative of the dream of a devotee of hashish—an extraordinarily wild and whirling thing, with an astonishing amount of throwing the lady about. In addition to this, she danced with a most exuberant energy and fantastic humour, and sang and acted with wit and point, and altogether established herself as a musical-comedy star of the first magnitude, enhancing the reputation she had already made at the Palace in revue. Miss Maisie Gay, too, made her mark again in a most entertaining duet, and was always amusing in everything

[Continued overleaf.]

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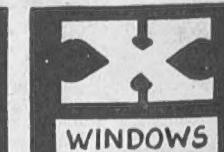
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Continued.] she did; and Miss Jean Cadell, as a middle-aged housekeeper or cook who went about dismissing people, was delightfully humorous in a quiet way which is all her own. There was good work, too, by Mr. Douglas MacLaren and Miss Moya Manneering; and as Mr. J. W. Tate's music was always bright and tuneful, and the lyrics, by Mr. Clifford Harris and Mr. Valentine, were unusually neat and apt, and the chorus was just as fair to look upon as it could be, it became quite obvious that the Gaiety had in no way suffered from the change which it had undergone.

We were reminded by the programme that this was "Peter Pan's" fourteenth year, and there is clearly no reason why he should not go on from year to year for ever. Peters may come and Peters may go, but in essence Peter remains the same. This year he is Miss Fay Compton, and she is everything that the many worshippers of the play will require—pretty, dainty, and humorous, and bringing to the part the proper touch of pathos. Miss Isobel Elsom is the new Wendy, and very sweetly she plays the mother to them all; and the pirates are as exuberantly piratical as ever, with Mr. Holman Clark again leading them as the ferocious Captain Hook, and Mr. Shelton as the mild and kindly Smee. Miss Stella Campbell and Mr. Martin Lewis make a charming couple of Mrs. and Mr. Darling; and the New Theatre will for weeks to come be the temple of a happy pilgrimage.

At the Strand Theatre the merry little children's play, "The Happy Family," by Mr. Cecil Aldin and Mr. Adrian Ross, is repeating the success which it so deservedly won last year, and a number of very clever youngsters are showing not merely what attractive birds and animals they can be, but also with what skill they can parody their elders who perform revues. Special mention must be made of little Miss Edna Maude, who is not only witty, but dances

delightfully; and an excellent company includes Miss Dorothy Minto, Mr. Charles Groves, and Miss Mimi Crawford.

The humours of "The Private Secretary," which is being played at the Savoy, will apparently never grow stale, particularly when they are in such excellent hands as those of Mr. Charles Walenn and Mr. Roy Byford. The laughter which they provoke is tremendous. Mr. Walenn is a comedian with a most effective style, and Mr. Byford makes the most of a figure which is exactly what is wanted in the part; and, supported as they are by a competent company—of whom Miss Dora Gregory deserves special mention—they most successfully keep alive the traditions of the past.

"The Wonder Tales," at the Ambassadors', enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few Christmas entertainments which are not revivals. Miss Rose O'Neill and Miss Ethel Welch have taken three classic stories from Nathaniel Hawthorne—the stories of Pandora, Midas, and Philemon and Baucis—and set them out simply and gracefully, with emphasis upon their moral for the young; Mr. J. B. Hastings has provided appropriate music, going in some cases to old Greek songs for his inspiration; and Mr. J. B. Fagan has set it all in beautiful surroundings, in which little girls dance lightly in classic costume. The leading player is a pretty and skilful little actress, Miss Hazel Jones; and older people, such as Miss Mary Grey (with a good voice), Mr. Whitworth Jones, and Mr. Geoffrey Douglas give valuable help.

At the Court Theatre Miss Estelle Burney's farce, "The Prodigy," gives Mr. Charles Windermere an opportunity of showing his gifts as a comedian in the part of a musician who, to attract the public, finds himself compelled to be an infant prodigy, and good work is done by Miss Barbara Gott and Mr. Douglas Munro.



A CLEVER YOUNG ACTRESS: MISS ROMA CHARLTON MANN.

Miss Roma Mann, who is only thirteen, is a daughter of Mr. Alfred Butt's manager at the Adelphi Theatre. She is appearing with success in "The Wonder Tales," at the Ambassadors' Theatre. Her attractive costume was designed and made by her mother. Miss Mann has been studying for the stage for four years.

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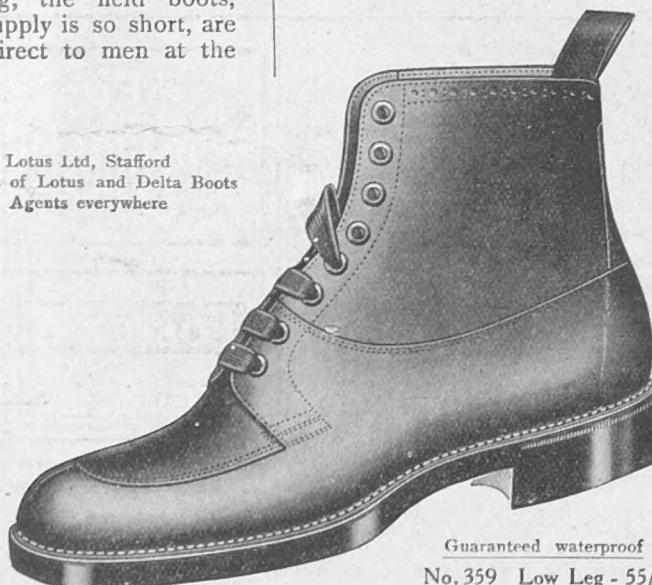
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